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SUB-STANDARD POLITICS

POLITICS in India today is marked by a strange demonstration of bankruptcy. Whether one turns to the Janata or to the Congress or to the Left, there's the same spectacle of infantile squabbles bereft of any sense of perspective. In the bargain, the basic realities of Indian life—the question of grappling with poverty and unemployment among the millions, the widening disparity between the Have and the Have-not—are neglected and as a result, the inherent strength of this great nation is dissipated or undermined.

Although it is too early to make an assessment about the Morarji Government performance record, the style of functioning of the Janata leadership reminds one of the ramshackle political entity that the Congress had reduced itself into just ten years ago—with this difference that there is not even a Syndicate today to ensure organisational viability.

It is no secret that one of the reasons why the Janata leadership was in a hurry to force State Assembly elections in nine States is that it expected that a mini-general election might help to galvanise the Party. But the reality as has unfolded so far shows that the differences inside the Janata Party have been intensified to the point of open in-fighting. All the dirt could not be swept under the carpet but the carpet itself is getting worn out. The last few days have sharply brought out the lack of cohesiveness among the leaders of the Janata Party coupled with Charan Singh trying to play the boss.

HEADACHES

The manner in which he attempted to blackmail the Janata Party, withholding the accepted electoral symbol until his terms about seat distribution was settled, is a measure of Charan Singh's anxiety to dominate Janata Party through organisational trickery. He has bullied the Janata leadership into conceding that he himself would be the election campaign "observer" for UP, although it is a tested convention in Indian politics that a leader does not become an observer in his own home State. In fact, Charan Singh is reported to have asked for the right to choose Janata candidates not only in UP but in Haryana as well.

The poll symbol episode is only a symptom of the growing malaise inside the Janata camp. Charan Singh's allergy to both Chandra Shekhar and the Jana Sangh is well known ; nor can he suffer C.B. Gupta and Bahuguna, with the result that in the key State of UP the Janata on the eve of the election (which it has on its own called) presents the spectacle of a house divided against itself.

And it is not only over UP that Janata President Chandra Shekhar is having headaches. In Orissa, Biju Patnaik does not want to share his political zemindary with anybody else, with the result that Nandini Satpathy and the CFD cadres are left wondering if it is worth continuing within the Janata. It is not an easy job for Chandra Shekhar to discipline Patnaik.

In West Bengal, P.C. Sen's adamancy is making it difficult for the CPM-led Left Front to have any electoral understanding with the Janata Party. The number of seats that Sen, in his self-delusion about his party's capacity to win the election battle, has so far offered to the CPM and its allies is no more than what they can win on their own, without any agreement with others. Chandra Shekhar's SOS and Madhu Limaye's mission to West Bengal seem so far to be making little impact upon P.C. Sen.

MYSTERIOUS DELAY

The mess over Raj Narain's mishandling of the enquiry into the allegation about the damage to JP's kidney began at the Cabinet level with his insistence on judicial probe with the saner elements among his Cabinet colleagues voting for a medical probe. The manner in which the respected Dr Koshy has been forced to abandon the investigation shows the level of irresponsibility at the Ministerial level.

Much more serious is Charan Singh's mysterious delay in arranging for the start of the three Commissions to probe into the Emergency excesses, the Maruti scandal and Bansi Lal's misconduct. Even the terms of reference have not yet been announced, nor has a substitute for Justice Khanna (who on grounds of propriety has declined to head one of the Commissions) been so far selected. All this is adding to misgivings in the public mind as to what Charan Singh is up to, and these misgivings have not been allayed by the reported *sub rosa* visit to the Home Minister by one of the Mafia characters, Yashpal Kapur.

There is nothing on record to show that Charan Singh in his political career has been slow at taking decisions ; that makes it

(Contd. on page 2)

Austerity Indeed!

We find a lot of publicity being given in the press about the so—called austerity practised by the Janata leaders including the Prime Minister. Whereas the Prime Minister can be singled out as a person who has been a real Gandhian, not only in preaching but also in practice, not a single other minister or important Janata leader can be put in the same bracket.

Lately there has been a lot of publicity given about the air travel done by the Prime Minister in the Air bus and also his instructions that no special plane by Air India is required to take him for the Commonwealth Conference. While this looks very laudable on the surface, we understand that in reality the Prime Minister's secretariat had informed Air India that the scheduled flight from Delhi which is at 3 a.m. should be changed to 7 a.m. to suit the the Prime Minister. Similarly the air craft is also to have a non-scheduled stop in Teheran for 5 hours till the Prime Minister completes his dialogue with the Shah of Iran Till then all the other passengers by this Air India flight have to be looked after. In view of this request for a change, it is also understood that Air India has cancelled their Boeing 747 Plane in this particular flight and has instead planned to put into service a 707 with a view to avoiding discomfort to about 300 passengers flying by 747. Even the unfortunate passengers who travel by 707 will have to put up with the inconvenience, because they have the pleasure of having with them the Prime Minister!

There is nothing wrong in the Prime Minister using his own plane because this is given not for the man, but for the position and this will also mean that none of the regular passengers are affected.

It will also be a great service to the country if the Janata leaders clear themselves of the obsession in their mind about the so-called austerity measures and instead of talking only about the failure of the Congress, they put before the masses what they really propose to do if they are returned with a thumping majority in the state elections.

—C. S. RAMAMOORTHY in *"The Hindu"*

THUS SPAKE THE MAHATMA

Even in darkest despair, where there seems to be no helper and no comfort in the wide, wide world, His name inspires us with strength and puts all doubts and dispair to flight.

ASOKA SCENTED BETEL NUT POWDER

Free India

SUNDAY May 29, 1977

MONEY AND MEN FOR JANATA

In his "between the lines" column in the Indian Express, Mr. Kuldip Nayar has mentioned the fielding by Janata Party some of the black marketeers, bootleggers, communalists, sycophants and time-servers for the Assembly elections.

If decoits and smugglers and naxalites can turn over a new leaf in the august presence of Jayaprakash, it must be much easier for the categories of politicians listed by the distinguished writer to shed their sins.

Or is Mr. Kuldip Nayar such a non-believer in the efficacy of the J.P. touch, like the Christian who goes to church to pray for rains without taking an umbrella with him?

Mr. Kuldip Nayar also mentions reports that "one senior Janata Party leader went to Calcutta and another key person to Madras to seek the help of some old discredited industrialists to collect money."

The Janata Party is not even a month old and unfortunately it has started to lean so heavily on defectors and money bags so soon.

The newspapers, which are supposed to have acquired new freedom under Janata, will be doing a useful service to the society by giving some more details of these affairs of the ruling party instead of repeating the misdeeds, "often unsubstantiated," of Smt. Indira Gandhi and her son Sanjay and some of her colleagues.

A number of enquiries have been ordered by the Janata and we can afford to wait for their prelminary reports at least. Meanwhile, we can probe the working of Janata.

From Page 1

Sub-standard Politics

all the more inexplicable why there is such inordinate delay in going ahead with the investigations into the Mafia misdeeds, the platform on which—and on which alone—the Janata Party could romp home to victory at the poll. In normal couse one would have expected the mafia to have been put behind bars as undertrials by now. Instead, one finds them merrily arranging for the destruction and disposal of incriminating papers; while rumours as a result have been going the rounds that Bansi Lal had managed to have a secret meeting with Charan Singh. It is time that the Morarji Government takes prompt steps to clear itself of these suspicions.

DISTURBING

The middle-class relief over the scrapping of the Compulsory Deposit Scheme is no doubt a plus point for the new Government, but populist measures available to it are few, since it cannot escape the compulsions of the inflationary pressure. The wage-earner is bound to campaign in the present climate of civil liberties, for the restoration of the additional Dearness Allowance and the minimum bonus of 8.33 per cent—which quite a few in Morarji's Cabinet would support.

Very disturbing is the situation in the count yside, where the dispossessed sections of the rural community have been facing serious offensive from the rural rich who turning Janata supporter has gone on a rampage. Not to speak of the bonded labourer forced back to debt-slavery even where he was emancipated, the agricultural labourer is forced into submission without any prospect of getting his statutory wages enforced.

The Janata leadership has to realise that even in terms of vote-catching, the rural poor with the growing army of agricultural labourers thrown in, constitute the biggest segment of the electorate; and it needs to be noted by them that with all the excesses of Emergency, the bulk of the Congress vote from the countryside came from agricultural labour even in the last election. Unless and until the Janata leadership—overpowering the resistance of the rural vested interests represented by men like Charan Singh and Prakash Singh Badal—provide a fair deal for the rural poor, there is little chance of its Government becoming viable. In fact, this question should concern the Janata leadership while working out its strategy for the coming poll battle—and it should certainly be the major worry for its progressive allies like the CPM which can ill afford to ignore in the long run the urges of the impoverished rural masses.

SHOCKING

If the picture in the Janata camp is far from reassuring, what the Congress presents today is shocking indeed. With a score of over 150 in the Lok Sabha despite the heavy toll extracted by the Emergency misdeeds, the Congress even in the midst of the greatest crisis in its long political career, could have played an important role in the national politics.

For that the Congress needed to purge itself of those whose misdeeds particularly under Emergency, led to its ignominious poll debacle and the loss of executive power which it could command uninterrupted since Independence. Instead of such a purge, however, it was Indira Gandhi with her protective patronage for her Mafia, that has been able to get the better of the Congress organisation, as the recent AICC session demonstrated. Not to speak of honest self-criticism, there is not even formal acknowledgement of the guilt, and her stage-managed shedding of tears at the session looked like a school teacher consoling her pupils who could not get through the exam. Catharsis has been reduced to a farce.

It is but natural that the disgust at this state of affairs should create revulsion among some of her staunchest supporters. If Barooah has had to pay the price for his Indira-is-India sycophancy, his murmur of dissent has led to his exit: while Siddhartha Shankar Ray, one of the authors of Emergency, has had to stand up to the shameless move on her part to persist in dictating the Congress politics even after the exposure of her mafia raj. Many no doubt have been leaving the sinking ship; many more have not moved out because the counter-attraction offered by the Janata Party has been eroded by its own internal weaknesses that have begun to surface.

The retention of the AICC majority by Indira Gandhi even after her identification with the Sanjay Mafia, has surprised many, but careful observers would not fail to note that the average AICC member knows that she and her mafia control all the funds and has a large amount to spare—their Emergency accumulation can be counted by millions—and that is what matters most when many of them have to contest the elections in a few weeks time. Siddhartha Shankar Ray may have a just case on his side, but the finances for the electoral war are at Indira Gandhi's command.

NO CHANGE

The honest Congressman, in such a sordid situation, is left without any choice but to fight an uneven battle. His oldstyle functioning in which the funds could be drawn from the party coffers, can no longer do. He has to fight with whatever record he has of service to the masses, of dedication to the ideals that had once inspired him in the leadership of Gandhi and Nehru. Radical shibboleths will no longer help but hard work among the working people. Before him has come the challenge of Indira Gandhi and her caucus who want to cash in on the name of the Congress with all that it still stands for in the minds of a large section of the Indian people. For him the Congress flag may have been tainted by the misdeeds of the Indira Raj, but he still hopes to wash it clean by getting rid of whatever she and her mafia stand for today: if he walk out of the Congress, it is Indira Gandi who will exploit the name of the Congress among the masses still committed to it. This is the mental make-up on the honest Congressman of today who with all his baffling dilemma still perfers to remain in the organisation.

Such elements inside the Congress could be won over — even with their retention of loyalty to the legend that was the Congress — had the left in India today emerged as a political entity endowed with wisdom. The Socialists are engaged in what they regard as the experiment of the Janata. The division among the Communists perist. If the CPI has lost heavily its credibility because of its unconscionable attachment to the Emergency politics of the Congress and its consequent refusal to join hands with those in the Left who would not tolerate the Emergency raj, the CPM leadership today, in the eyes of many of its friends, seems to be in danger of making the same mistake: hitching its wagon to the Janata star and insisting on electoral alliance with it. To regard the Janata Party as more acceptable than the anti-Indira section of the Congress, may be dictated by the prospects of election gains, but certainly not be termed as good Marxism.

Had the two Communist Parties been able to come to terms, the very development would have made a qualitative difference in the situation, and they together would have been able to rally the forward-looking elements inside both the Janata and the Congress, and also could

(Contd. on page 7)

Real And Sham Innovation

PIERRE GAMARRA
(French Author)

THE great problem facing the creative artist is, that of invention. It may seem a truism. But it is one worth examining. The mind of man is often superficial and content with appearances. Trusims ultimately express a real and profound truth. So it is useful to consider them and turn them over in one's mind...

"Only a few days before he died he was still living"--a classic truism. But far from all truths are so obvious.

The term "creator" has its ambitious scope. The creator is a person who enriches our patrimony with a new work, one which did not exist before him. He is its creator. He and nobody else.

Whatever else you say, Leo Tolstoy was the creator of 'War and Peace'. This great novel did not exist before him. Tolstoy came along, compounded certain human and historical material and created 'War and Peace'. 'War and Peace' came into existence due to the toil, talent and genius of Leo Tolstoy.

One may say that 'War and Peace' is also the work of the Russian people, in some way a product of the thought and language of Russia of that particular period. One may say that Tolstoy did not invent everything, he did not start from scratch. No doubt. But the fact is that before him there was no 'War and Peace' in the treasury of world literature. It was due to the fruitful existence of this great Russian author that we can read and reread this masterpice today. Tolstoy was the creator of 'War and Peace'.

SHOWS A NEW WORLD

The same could be said of all the Masterpieces which had great influence on the history of literature and the arts. One could truly say of such works that they brought a fresh thrill. They brought a new way of looking at the world and at people, sometimes a new way of thinking and writing. A thrill just in a manner of speaking. In fact some great works have given readers of their own and later times something much more than a thrill. Then as now they have afforded readers hitherto unknown delight, but beyond such delight, they have often revealed an entirley new world, a terra incognita of the mind and heart. Think of Stendhal and 'The Red and the Black', Cervantes and 'Don Quixot'; or Victor Hugo and 'Les Miserables'. And of many other authors who with their different totalities upset the artistic and social views of their age. And not only of their own age.

Here perhaps we may find a definition of what we usually call a classic or an immortal work: one which has this very ability to upset things, to teach (that is, to show us new paths) over a long period of time, may be for as long as human thoughts and feelings shall last. Thus 'War and Peace' will stimulate the mind and imagination and keep its freshness for as long as there are thinking people who think in human terms.

CAN'T BE IMITATED

The ambition of anyone venturing upon the difficult path of creation and innovation should be to live up to the title of creator which he has adopted, that is to say, he should invent. He should give the public of today, and perhaps tomorrow too, a new thrill, show new ways of viewing the world and of dreaming of the world......

Some people, deliberately or not, resort to what they consider to be the quickest effective method. Since 'Les Miserables' and 'Madame Bovary' were a success, let's do the same again, they say. Alas, it doesn't work, or not for long. The more or less straightforward imitators, or epigones, are not creators. The point is that, for better or worse, there are no recipes for making or reproducing a masterpiece. A masterpiece is by nature unique. There is only one James Joyce and Kafka, even though they have dozens of imitators today.

So let us provisionally agree on this: the innovation cannot be imitated.

I even think to achieve novelty it is not enough to wish for it. Just as it is not enough to wish for good health in order to enjoy it. It helps, true, but it isn't enough.

PROVED IN WORK

It is, or course, desirable that the creator should wish to propose something new, that is, truly to create. If the wish is simply a declaration, it does not take us very far. To say one is avant-garde is not enough to place one in the vanguard. I would even like maliciously to remark that the supreme quality of an avant-gardist is, in some cases, his silence. The franc-tireur who makes too much noise runs the risk of not going very far in his exploration. One may also remark that over the ages the great inventors and avant-gardists have not always proclaimed their avant-gardism. They have proved it in their work. Writers have even been known to declare themselves to be conservatives if not reactionaries, while at the same time creating novel works! (Balzac)

We may ask ourselves what is that then and still today constitutes the novel value of a particular masterpiece.

With this as our starting point, and this alone, we may hope to create something new. But there can be no guarantee of this. For when the great examples and sublime lessons of the past are left behind the personal responsibility of each creator begins. The moment comes when nobody guides your pen or chisel but yourself. You are on your own.

But up until that moment, you have not been alone and should not be alone. You have been and should be heeding the world and men. I think a characteristic feature of great new works and of great innovators is that at a given moment they were important spokesmen for history and the world. You cannot divorce them from this history and the world. This is a strikingly obvious fact. In the case of Voltaire, Hugo, Zola and Gorky ..an easy one to prove.

QUALITY OF GREAT WORKS

Great new works do not just proclaim a moment of world history: they intervene and intervene in a human direction. Try to name a work of genius that is inhuman. It is not a matter of discovering the political affiliation of past writers starting out from the political awareness we have today. Great works assist the continuation and the human guidance of man. They assist his progress, inspire his songs assist nation and dreams. In this sense, even if at the start they were acclaimed only by a minority, in the future they speak to the broad masses.

One should lay particular emphasis on this notion of the future. The creators help to create the future. In this sense Oscar Wilde's saying that "art creates life" has profound meaning. The poet of genius prepares the language of the future and in this sense he may upset, for a moment, contemporary readers, but later on, as Elsa Triolet has said the closed book becomes clarity itself. The dazzling formulas of Mayakovsky have become clarity itself–the daily bread of millions of today's readers.

This means that from the out set the innovating author is infinitely bound up with the world. His Harvest is huge and unceasing. He must lay a great deal to store. Whether he takes sides or not—and there is no question of ordering him to do so—he must keep his eyes and ears open. No, he does not create from nothing. Who can? it is something more difficult, and the authors of science fiction know this well; it is hard to invent something that has never existed before...

The creator must therefore be receptive to the torments and hopes of the world and of men. He does not create out of nothing also, because there were others before him who explored before him and brought in harvests long before he did: others have given him the essentials: words. language. Of course, he will create his own language, he will invent other words, other turns of phrase and other rhymes but, before himself giving, he has been absorbing...

Starting with this harvest, he will have to knead his own bread. Here comes a period of certain solitude, even definite solitude. One which has its torments and also its grandeur. It is the grandeur of the explorer and of his responsibility.

Let the creator be aware of–and above all feel a sense of responsibility for the work to which he gives a certain direction and offers in a certain way.

Specialist Visitor

Dr Robert Chambers of the Institute of Development Studies at the University of Sussex, who who will be visiting South India in June, is a leading Specialist in rural systems. His main fields in rural development include planning, management systems, and procedures, settlement projects, water management and research and development for technologies for future populations. He has recently completed a project on agrarian change in South Asia (with the Centre of South Asian Studies,Cambridge).

While in South India he hopes to visit the Centre for Development Studies, Trivandrum, The Gandhigram Rural Institute, The Indian Institute of Management, Bangalore, the Administrative Staff College and the National Institute of Community Development, Hyderabad.

UNESCO Coupon Scheme

UNESCO coupons are so'd for national currency to educational institutions, research workers and students to pay for foreign purchases of films, publications and material not available in India intended for educational, scientific and cultural purposes. Details of the scheme and coupons which can be obtained against Indian rupees may be had from Unesco Unit, Ministry of Education, Government of India, Shastri Bhavan, New Delhi—110001.

The import of material transacted with Unesco coupons can be carried out through normal commercial channels and the release of such material on arrival in India will be exempt from import licence but *not* from customs duty.

HIS WISH

Little Billy had just been told that an angel had brought him a little sister.

"Would you like to see her?" asked the doctor.

"No," said Billy, "but I'd like to have a look at the angel."

FUN AND LAUGHTER

WHAT ABOUT THE CHANGE ?

Collecting fares, the bus conductor stopped beside a small boy, who felt in all his pockets and looked under the seat while the conductor was waiting.

"What's the trouble, sonny ?" he asked.

"I had a two-shilling piece and I've lost it."

The little fellow looked so upset that the conductor's heart was touched and he gave him a ticket free. The boy looked up and, on the point of tears, whimpered.

"And what about my change ?"

x x x

THE TICKETS

Despite his plea that they should travel light, his wife insisted on loading him up with four large suitcases. "I wish," said the husband thoughtfully, when they got to the station, "that we had brought your piano."

"Don't try to be funny," came the frigid reply.

"I'm not," said he wistfully "I left the tickets on it."

* * *

THE CLAUSE

An American who put his name down for a seat in the first rocket ship to Mars wanted to insure himself with a British company. His proposal was accepted, the premium being that for normal flying plus fifty per cent. A special clause was inserted in the policy, stating: "Non return is no proof of death."

* * *

THE WRONG MAN

"Why don't you want to serve on the jury in this court ?" snapped the judge to the ratepayer.

"Well, sir, one look at that man convinces me that he is guilty."

"Sh-h-h !" the judge whispered, "that's not the defendant, that's the prosecutor !"

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SOUR GRAPES

Shoeblack : "Shine yer shoes, sir ?"

City Magnate : "No, boy."

Shoeblack : "Shine 'em so you can see yer face in 'em."

City M : "No !"

Shoeblack : "Coward."

x x x

WISE MAN !

A man received an income-tax demand for the first time.

He went through it and then sent it back with a note saying : "After carefully perusing your prospectus I have dicided not to join your association."

* * *

DOES SHE DRINK

Owner of a large private house to new maid : "You will often have to help the other maid upstairs."

New maid : "What, does she drink ?"

* * *

NEED FOR LESSONS

An official of the local gas board was trying to get housewives to attend a course of cookery demonstrations, designed to promote the sale of a new cooker.

"Ever thought of taking up cookery lessons, madam ?" he asked one.

"No, but my husband has mentioned it four or five hundred times."

* * *

OPINION

A great crowd of people stood around a gesticulating man at Hyde Park Corner.

"Every man has a right to his own opinion," thundered the speaker.

"Sure, it's generally no use to anyone else," returned a heckler.

x x x

BABY

He wanted to make his girl friend a little more interested in him. "I went out with a nurse yesterday," he said, looking searchingly at her face.

"Really ? Well, never mind, dear," smiled the girl. "Perhaps in a year or two your mother will let you out without one."

* * *

TO THE LAMB

The husband was sitting glued to the TV set, not wanting to miss a minute of "Sports Report."

His wife's voice cut in : "It says in this book that sheep are stupid creatures, John. Is that right ?"

"Yes, my lamb."

THE LAST

"Darling, we shan't have to pay any more weekly payments on the furniture." smiled the young wife. "This letter came for you this afternoon. It says 'Final notice.' "

* * *

HONEST

"Did you marry me for my money, or my own sake ?" asked the wealthy woman.

"For my own sake," was the reply.

x x x

WHO WERE YOU ?

"I don't think you knew who I was when you met me on the street yesterday, did you ?" said the titled lady to the tradesman.

"No, who were you ?"

* * *

HEALTH

During the last few years my health has been ruined by worry."

"Worry about what ?"

"About my health."

x x x

PRACTISING

"Why is Jim always walking around stroking his chin, and frowing ?" asked one worker of another.

"Sh, he's just practising for the local chess tournament," answered his mate.

* * *

TYPIST'S VIEW

"How do you like your new boss, my dear ?" asked Jill's mother.

"Oh, he isn't too bad, Mummy, rather bigoted, that's all."

"What do you mean, bigoted?"

"Well he thinks words can be spelled only one way."

x x x

THAT DEPENDS

Alarmed by the jerky lift in a London station, a woman nervously inquired of the operator. : "If the cables broke would it go up or down ?"

"It depends entirely, madam," came the reply, "on what kind of life you've been leading."

x x x

TAKING NO CHANCES

After their wedding, the business man turned to his exsecretary and said ; "Well, my dear, I suppose I must get some one to take your place in the office."

"I've been thinking of that," replied the bride, 'my cousin is just leaving school."

"What's her name ?"

"John Henry," said the bride, sweetly.

SO TRUSTFUL

"Your husband is suffering either from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants. It is difficult to say which," decided the doctor.

"Oh, I'm sure it's overwork," replied the anxious wife "Why, he can't even go to the theatre without hurrying out half a dozen times during the performance to telephone to one of the business partners."

* * *

SHAPE

Teacher : "What is the shape of the earth ?"

Student : "Don't know."

Teacher : "What's the shape of my cuff links."

Student (looking): "Square."

Teacher : "No, my Sunday cuff links."

Student : "Round."

Teacher : "That's it ! Now what is the shape of the earth ?"

Student: "Square on weekdays : round on Sunday."

x x x

HIS DEDUCTION

Little Freddie came running into the house all excited.

"Look, Mommie, I found a horse shoe, he shouted.

"Do you know what that means, dear." I asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Freddie smugly, "it means some poor horse is running around in his stocking feet."

x x x

SOME MORE

"Do you love me, Percy ?"

"Mmhm "

"Do you thing I'm wonderful ?"

"Mmhm."

"The most beautiful girl you ever saw ?"

"Mmhm."

"And a lovely skin and glorious hair ?"

"Mmhm."

"Oh Percy, you do say the loveliest things—tell me some more."

x x x

ONE PAGE

"They're very mean at this hotel, aren't they ?" grumbled the new arrival.

"What do you mean ?" asked another guest.

"Well, when I rang down for a newspaper this morning they said the'd send a page up !"

x x x

TORE IT UP

A local tax inspector received the following letter from a woman.

"Please send me a claim form as I have had a baby I had one before but tore it up."

* * *

12 YEARS TO LEARN

"My husband and I both like the same things," Mrs. Brown told her friend. "But it took him twelve years to learn."

The Gentle Art Of Self-Healing

BY BORIS PROTOPOPOV

I am confined to a hospital cot and my days are numbered.

I have just been examining my face in the mirror. A yellowishness already. The first symptom of cholecystolithiasis. Incidentally, only a short while ago a 60-year-old female patient in Bucharest had 17, 500 stones removed. This is 12,000 more than Mrs. N. had in her urinary bladner. How fast records grow!

Alas and alack, my appetite knows no bounds. With horror I catch myself thinking that I wouldn't mind having at this very moment a whole saddle of mutton, a couple of pounds of sausages, and a big jar of pickles. Nor would I mind a couple of plates of good nourishing soup either.

Such, regrettably, is always the case when one falls victim to hypoglycemia and the pancreas secrets one more hormone—lipocaic. Once Anna Semyonovna told me: "It's a good hing you aren't afflicted with cryptorchism as well". Ah, Anna Semyonovna, why think so poorly of me? Cryptorchism? I've got it too!

But when I told the head physician that, he cryptically replied: "We'll see".

His facial expression seemed to suggest that he knew more about illnesses than I do.

As for sclerodermia, I only recently went out to the country to consult Old Mother Agrafena. She's been treating it very successfully with an infusion of calf turds. However, she says sclerodermia relates to the malignant collagen diseases. I personally don't think that's absolutely right; its root causes have yet to be completely established.

But back to those people they call doctors. Like others, the head physician here—his name is Chubukov is reluctant to keep me in hospital. However, I insisted and and Chubukov could only throw up his hands. Of course, he has it in for me. For a wholeday he completely ignored me. Only towards evening did he seat himself at the foot of my cot.

"What's troubling you?" he asks.

I tersely replied: "What mostly troubles me is hypoglycemia and sclerodermia, with perhaps a touch of cryptorchism."

'Why do you think so?" he asks.

What an odd question! I told him I established this by self-observation whose results I set down in my self-control case diary. When I mention candidiasis, chubukov sighs deeply and it seems to me he really doesn't know what I'm talking about. During the medical examination I asked for interferon shots. "That isn't necessary," he drily replied. He's getting back at me for sure!

As for those interferon shots I'll ask Anna Semyonovna about it—of couse, if I survive. By the by, one person who amazes me is Alexei Petrovich, who lives two flights up. I diagnosed chronic hepatitis, but he doesn't seem to care a damn! A strange fellow! I'll have to make it my business to find out how his nails grow. Because, as you know when one's absolutely healthy, they grow on the fingers by one mill metre a week, and on the toes, by a quarter of a millimetre. Then the picture will be clear.

Another thing you might know is that the human body has more than 300 million muscle fibres. I'm afraid I haven't even half that left. Apparently I have an nsufficiency of adenosine triphosphate—it's become awfully hard to carry on this diary. The hand grows heavy, the eyes dim.

I put the diary away into my locker and closed my eyes.

Life's spark must still be lingering as some time later I heard a delicate, melodious whistling. Opening my eyes I see my neighbour standing by my cot in his underwear, and, with lips pursed, whistling, softly into my ear.

"A severe case of schizophrenia," I at once said to myself.

The patient grinned feebly and said: "I'm very sorry but you snore loud enough to wake the dead and the best way to stop it is by whistling in a man's ear."

"What tommyrot," I thought to myself 'The fact that I snore is due, of course, to the enfeebled retentive power of the subcortex and indicates general debilitation. That's my diagnosis. What does whistling have to do with it?" I see I'll have to ask Anna Sem onovna's advice.

Next morning I was rudely jostled awake and saw the orderly holding out my clothes. "Congratulations, you can go home," he said beamingly.

I shrugged and began to dress.

To my great astonishment I was also given my hospital case-history. With a sarcastic grin I stuck it in my pocket with the thought that there was absolutely nothing new that they could tell me. Out in the street curiosity got the the better of me and I slit open the envelope. Scrawled in were name and particulars, under the heading ,,Diagnosis", the words "physicaliy fit" and in the corner, slantwise in red pencil: "Reading of medical literature contra-indicative"

Fancy calling that healing!

The first person I met at the entrance to our block of flats was our lift operator, Anna Semyonovna. She was sitting on a bench perusing a medical publication.

'Know what they say about partridge eggs?" she cried out to me. "That they have no curative powers!"

"Those medics say that just out of sheer envy and you have to go and believe them!" I rejoined with a wave of my hand. "If you only knew how abominably I've been treated! Can you imagine, they say there's absolu ely nothing wrong with me!"

"I just can't for the life of me understand what they teach them nowadays," Anna Semyonovna compassionately remarked after hearing me out. "Of course, as for that cryptorchism, if you rem mber, I also had my doubts. But not to diagnose hypoglycemia is simply beyond me. Why, you've got all the symptoms—you perspire, are irritable, and want to eat all thetime; When those cramps begin, then perhaps they'll reallybelieve!"

"Why, do you think I may have cramps?" I asked.

"You bet!" Anna Semyonovna said.

"Begging your pardon," Kiavdia Petrovna from the flat lower down, intervened. She was headed for the market and had just paused for a moment. "Perhaps the poor soul is suffering from trichophyton?"

"Trichophyton's a fungus, not a disease," Anna semyonovna retorted. "You always have to butt in at the wrong moment!"

"Then it's interferon," Klavdia Petrovna stuck to her guns.

"Interferon yourself!" Old Mother Anisya, unable to restrain herself, pocked her head out of the groundfloor window. "Interferon's a protein exuded by cells that have been exposed to a virus. Why, even a baby could tell you that!"

(From "SPUTNIK")

The Spider And The Bee

(A MOLDAIAN TALE)

Once upon a time, a very long time ago. before even our great-grandparents were born, the spider and the bee were brother and sister, children of the same mother.

While they were young, their mother fed and comforted them, and when they grew up they left their mother's house. The spider took to weaving and the bee worked in the fields.

One day the spider was sitting by his loom, weaving a web as a cloud on a summer day, as soft as an autumn leaf, as silky as the spring grass in the meadow.

Suddenly a May-bug flew in. He must have been travelling for days, he was so out of breath.

"Quick, get ready to come with me." the May-bug panted. "Your mother is on her death-bed. Her last wish is to see her children before she dies. you and the fluffy bee. Get on my back and I'll take you. Hurry, hurry, hurry... There's not a moment to spare."

But the spider would not stir a single leg.

"That's an old one," he said calmly. "How do you know if my mother will die? She may just moan and groan for a while, and then get better. That's happened several times, and I can't leave my work every time for that. If you were certain that she was going to die, well, then it would be different."

"But what shall I tell your poor mother? She's bound to ask me why you haven't come."

"Just tell her that I'm busy, that my work won't wait," the spider said. "Anyway, Mother can die quite well without me. And now get out and stop bothering me. You've cost me enough time already!"

And the spider went weaving his light silky web, the finest in the world.

So the May-bug flew off to find the bee.

When the bee heard that her mother was on her death-bed, she nearly died of grief. She fainted and the May-bug had to sprinkle water over her to bring her round.

When she came to, she licked her little antennae which were all sticky with honey, and, without a word, she followed the May-bug. She flew so fast she left the May-bug far behind for she was very anxious to get to her mother before she died.

The old woman was very glad to see her daughter at her bed. She kissed her tenderly and said in a week voice:

"Thank you, my daughter: May your children love you as you love me. May you love and multiply till there are as many bees as there is grass in the field, as there are leaves on trees and grains of sand on the seashore. Flowers shall greet you with a smile in May, and the pollen shall always be plentiful. And may people ever thank you for your honey, which is the sweetest thing in the world."

Thus spoke Mother to her daughter.

She did not live to see her son, but before she died, she said very, very softly;

"May my son always live alone, and go on weaving for ever. And may his labours never be of any use, never make anyone happy. Let everybody tear his web and curse the one who made it: even the nasty flies shall hate it. May my words come true:"

Then the old woman closed her eyes and died.

And ever since that time, bees have worked as one family, one swarm, gathering honey in the fields, and people have always spoken of them with affection, for there is nothing sweeter in the world than honey.

As for the spider, he sits alone in a dark corner, weaving his web. And as soon as people see it they tear the web to pieces and drive the spider away or try to catch and kill him. Even the nasty flies hate the spider and curse him when they get caught in his web.

So the old mother's words came true.

Why The Water In The Sea Is Salty

(A KARELIAN FOLK TALE)

Once upon a time there lived two brothers. One was rich and other poor. One day the poor brother went to the rich to ask for food for his children, which he promised to repay. The rich brother gave him the food, but bade him take a present to the Master of the Forest in return.

The poor man set off. As he walked along the forest path he heard the sound of axes. When he came closer he saw the wood. smen and inquired the way to the Master of the Forest.

"We know the way, all right,' the men replied, "but we don't advise going there. It is easy enough to find him. Just go from woodpile to woodpile -- we chopped the wood for him -- and you ll eventually come to his hut. Only make sure you take a brich log with you. When you walk into his house, do not stretch out your hand to him, but shove the log forward instead. And if he offers to reward you, refuse, merely ask him for the millstone which he always carries on his back."

The poor man thanked the woodcutters for their good advice and when on. At last he came to the hut of the Master of the Forest. He walked in and greeted the Master, who stretched out his hand. The poor man pushed the log forward and the Master gripped it so hard that the sap began to drip from the log.

The poor man then gave him the gifts. The Master of the Forest was delighted:

"Everyone only promises me things, whereas you brought me gifts and I wish to reward you, What do you want, gold or silver?"

"I want neither gold nor silver," the poor man replied. "But I would like that millstone that you have on your back."

The Master of the Forest danded him the millstone and said:

"This is no ordinary millstone: it will mill you whatever you command,"

The poor man took the gift and went home. It happened to be the eve of a holiday and he decided to test whether the Master of the Forest had told the truth. So he whispered:

"Millstone, mill me food for the festive:"

And the millstone did. It churned out breads and pies and so many tasty dishes that there was bardly room for them on the table.

From that day on the life in the home of the poor man was bountiful and merry. And the rich brother heard about it. He went to see his poor brother and asked him where his wealth had come from. In his simplicity the poor brother told him the whole story. The rich man grew envious of his brother's good fortune and asked him to lead him the millstone for a while.

"Certainly," the poor man replied. "We now enjoy plenty. Let the millstone help you a bit".

The rich brother took the millstone home and commanded it to mill. The mill produced flour and cereal a d sugar. Soon the storehouses of the rich man were filled wi h all manner of good things. There was enough for 10 yearr ard more and no need to sow or plough. And still the rich man was dissatisfied.

By this time the stores of the poor man had run out and he went to his brother to ask for the return of the millstone. Not only did the rich brother refuse to return the millstone to him, but he threw him out of his house. The next day the rich man decided to go out to sea to fish and he took the millstone with him. "Let it mill salt for me," he thought, 'I can salt the fish right in the boat and will not need to return to shore."

The whole day long he fished. He caught a lot and salted it all. And then he dozed off. But the millstone went on producing salt. A whole mountain of salt rose in the boat and still the millstone churned out salt. No one stopped it. From the weight the boat went down, and with it, the tich man.

The millstone went down to the bottom too and to this day continues to produce salt. That is why the water in the see is salty.

IDA Credit for Madya Pradesh

Agricultural Extension and Research in India's Madhya Pradesh state will be strengthened with the assistance of a credit of a $13 million from the International Development Association (IDA), an affiliate of the world Bank.

The $ 20.9 million project is directed towards achieving, in the short term, sustained growth in agricultural output, particularly foodgrains in 15 of the 45 administrative districts of Madhya Pradesh covering about 7 million hectares of cropped land.

The project will emphasize the consolidation and strengthening of the State's Agricultural Extension Services and help reorient adaptive agricultural research to provide farmers, on a regular systematic basis, with advice on farming practices having an immediate impact on yields. The project will be executed over a five-period.

Rice Production Still Low: FAO Official

Despite recent favouroble trends, the problem with rice continues to be one of low level of production in relation to demand, and annual instabilities. The challenge for the future is therefore to rapidly mobilize international co-operation in research, infrastructural development and intensive training, according to a senior official in the Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO).

Speaking before the International Rice Commission of the FAO in Rome on behalf of Director-General Mr. Edouard Saouma, Mr. D. F. R. Bommer, Assistant Director-General for the Department of Agriculture, said that, mainly due to favourweather conditions, the record in rice production over recent years had been particularly good.

FAVOURABLE TRENDS

"Since 1972", he said, "many countries in Asia, Africa and Latin America have registered a favourable trend in rice production. Two countries in West Africa have become self-sufficient in rice and, in Colombia production has almost doubled.

In the Far East, China Thailand, India and the Philippines have significantly stepped up their production—and the world paddy output had increased from 304.7 to 345.8 million tons."

DISTRESSING FACT

In spite of these satisfactory achievements, however, Mr. Bommer Warned that there was no room for complacency. "If the past food grain production trend is not further improved by 1985", he said, "the projected import requirements of the cereals will be in the order of 85 million tons, which is quite formidable. Even more distressing is the fact that a major load of this defflict falls upon load of this defflict falls upon the rice—eating and heavily populated developing countries. This, he said, is "a challenge facing the the world community.".

RECOMMENDATIONS

In the course of its session, the Commission adopted other recommendations designed at stepping up rice production, including greater attention to post-harvest problems, trying to obtain external means of assistance bilateral or multilateral) for rice-producing developing countries and mobilization of irrigation (resources for rice production in the Near East, Africa and Latin America, and for improved soil — water management in monsoon Asia.

American Boy's Kidneys Save Two Iranian Lives

The kidneys of a black American boy have saved the lives of two Iranians in two transplant operations performed by Iranian surgeons in Tehran recently.

The kidneys of Robert Smith, aged seven, reached Tehran 38 hours after his death in an accident in Baltimore.

Messages were flashed around the world by American doctors, only hours after the boy's death, in search of suitable applicants. As the boy's blood group was most common in Iran, the National Dialysis Committee of Iran immediately asked for the kidneys.

These were the fifth and sixth kidneys to be given to the Iranian Committee by the International Dialysis and Kidney Transplant Centre.

Doctors at Behavar Hospital in Tehran transplanted them in a three hour operation into a young woman and a young worker.

Fatemeh Abolhassani, a 26 year-old Isfahani on whom the transplant operation was successfully performed, has lived with the aid of a Dialysis unit for the past year and a half.

Afsar Hydari, a 19-year-old worker from Varamin near Tehran, was the second kidney recipient. The operation was performed 42 hours after the donor's death. He also had lived by using Dialysis unit.

— Kayhan International

Coronation Silver Jubilee

To mark the Silver Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II (1952-1977) a small exhibition of photographs entitled "Queen Elizabeth II — A Working Monarch" will be on view at the Council Library from 2 to 6 June (except on Sunday 5th) during the library working hours, i.e. 9 am — 1 pm and 3 — 7 p.m.

There will be a series of film shows at the British Centre on 2, 3 and 6 June.

THE STUFF

A farmer riding a load of manure past an asylum was hailed by an inmate.

"Hey, where you going with that stuff?"

"Going to put it on my strawberries," replied the farmer.

How To Keep Customers Happy

Darmstadt (DAD) - Post office staff all over the world are cursed with the reputation of being slow and unhelpful at times. Complaints have certainly been coming in for long enough. In December 1875 the Kaiser's General Post Office in Berlin noted that relations with the general public were not a minor consideration : 'Dissatisfaction is bound to arise when the counter official makes people wait even though he has no other business to conduct.' Little seems to have changed over the past century in this respect.

Service with a smile is the declared objective of Deutsche Bundespost, the postal service in the Federal Republic of Germany, where 28,000 counter clerks have to grin and bear it as customers take turns to be scatterbrained, pigheaded, illtempered or in a hurry. Bundespost counter s aff are now required to take three-day courses in 'behavioural training, for keeping customers happy.

They are taught psychological loopholes to enable them to nip potential arguments in the bud. They are taught to take it easy and remain unruffled. They are schooled with the aid of film material in keeping on their best behaviour in dealing with members of the public. They enact situations such as occur day in day out at post offices everywhere, taking turns at being counter clerk and customer and recording the encounter on videotape. The playback is checked and criticised.

The behaviour training scheme started last autumn and is due to last three years, backed by 100 Bundespost instructors trained in psychology and education theory. Five thousand counter clerks have attended courses so far and 95 per cent of them felt they would be giving the public better service and themselves deriving greater satisfaction from their work in future.

—Wolf Laue

—

Spending On Food Is Down

Good food and drink are still high on the list of priorities for most people in the Federal Republic of Germany, yet they are spending a substantially smaller proportion of their income on these two basics than they were even a decade ago — 37 per cent last year as opposed to 46 per cent in 1956, according to GFK, a Nuremberg-based consumer research association.

During this period average take-home family earnings have increased from 875 to 2,024 deutschmarks per month. The cost of essentials such as food, drink and housing has gone up, of course, but even after increases have been taken into account today's family on an average has 632 deutschmarks a month in freely disposable income, as against 225 deutschmarks back in 1965.

Consumer spending habits have changed considerably in emphasis over the past thirty years, GFK claims. Necessities use to hold pride of place. Nowadays consumer durables, such as cars and deep freezers, and leisure activities are major items in the family budget.

Women In Merchant Navy

Bremen (DaD) - It may be a few years yet before the fair sex have master's papers, but women are fast becoming a familiar sight in the merchant navy.

The latest available statistics date back to 1975 when three dozen of 489 women seamen were radio officers, two helmsmen, two other officers and four officer cadets. By 1975 well over three dozen women radio officers have qualified, but some presumably married and did not take up the career. Nowadays there cannot be a shipping company that would have the slightest objection to hiring a female 'sparks.'

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Baader-Meinhof Trial Ends

At the end of a trial in Stuttgart, Federal Republic of Germany, which lasted nearly two years to the day Andreas Baader, Jan-Carl Raspe and Gudrun Ensslin were found guilty of jointly committing murder in four sases attempting murder in 34 others, launching six bomb raids and forming a 'criminal association' known as the Red Army Faction, or RAF. All three were sentenced to life imprisonment.

The three terrorists claimed to be political offenders, not just run-of-the-mill gangsters, and the prosecution took endless trouble to present a watertight case proving that although the RAF might lay claim to political motives it preached violence and practised terrorism. The court was also keen to disprove the RAF claim that the trial was a show trial and its outcome a foregone conclusion.

Court and prosecution were so anxious to ensure the a cused a fair trial that they probably made the proceeding more complex and protracted than they might normally have been in view of the evidence against the selfproclaimed urban guerrillas.

The case cost a record twenty million deutschmarks, was attended by 20,000 visitors and recorded on 15,000 typewritten pages—and the end is still not in sight. The defendants' lawyers promptly announced their intention of appealing to the Supreme Court in Karlsruhe.

—Helge Jansen

—

WFC Meet in June

Representatives of the 36 member States of the World Food Council started a five-day preparatory meeting in Rome. The meeting will review the major items on the agenda of the third ministerial session of the Council, which will be held in Manila from 20 to 24 June.

The five-day preparatory meeting will lay the groundwork for the Manila ministerial session. The basis for discussion will be a set of documents prepared by the Council's secretariat on the major issues to consinered by the ministerial session.

Within, the Council's over-all policy framework of eradicating hunger and malnutrition, one of the most important and urgent issues to be disscussed at the meeting will be world food security. The Council's document on an "international system of food securly" says that "It is imperative the World Food Council seize the opportunity provided by the existence of large grain stocks in 1977 and exert its maximum influence with Governments and with international fora to create a grain reserve this year which will ensure against any repetition of the disaster of 1972-1974".

—(o)—

Self-Balancing Car Wheel

Bremen (DaD) - The car wheel has yet to be devised that needs no balancing, but a manufacture in Bremen, Federal Republic of Germany, now markets wheels that are claimed to be self-balancing. These Road Huggers incorporate a hollow plastic tube mounted on the underside of the wheel rim.

This tube extends round the circumference of the wheel and contains 120 grams of ball bearings that flow freely in a special fluid in such a way as to ensure perfect balance provided the maximum weight needed at the rim to balance the wheel does not exceed eighty grams.

PLAN WITH PLANETS

DUE to unavoidable circumstances the feature PLAN WITH PLANETS has to be suspended for a couple of weeks. It will be resumed from our issue dated June 19.

Mayor Of Berlin

Dietrich Stobbe, 39, is the new Governing Mayor of West Berlin. From 1973 until the resignation of his predecessor Klaus Schutz he represented the divided city in Bonn. At his inaugration ceremony Stobbe hoped to become known as a mayor who 'spurred on, encouraged and fought for the city.

Detrict Stobbe is determined to permit no cuts in ties with the Federal Republic of Germany. He is all in favour of give and take in relations with the GDR but is opposed to unilateral concessions. Stobbe is a middle-of-the-road Social Democrat who feels sure of the backing of party left-wingers. So far he has encountered no difficulty in settling disputes among the city's Social Democrats.

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How To Make A Billion

Becoming a billionaire, we learn, is as easy as pie. You only have to have the magic formula. One was suggested recently in the Wall Street Journal. You must start off with at least $100. Never pay hard cash, buy at under half the market price, make a profit of at least $10,000 on what you buy, do everything-naturally within the law-to evade taxes, and, finally, for further detail send $12 to Mr. Haroldsen, who, the magazine notes, took but 48 months to become a billionaire. True, we are not told how he worked the miracle. Probably at the expense of all the simpletons who mailed their $12.

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Everybody Was Happy

Described in the London Daily Telegraph is the life of crime one George Alexander, an ex-paratrooper, led after leaving the armed forces. He'd be caught, serve his time and then resume his nefarious activities. Nabbed once again recently he confessed not only to his "own" crimes, but also to having "faced the music" for "other people" -for a consideration of course. In this he had help of the police who had been heavily bribed by the real criminals.

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School Of Sadism ?

From 1.30 to 2 p.m. daily, except Sundays, the popular Europe-1 Radio Station brings to French listener its seemingly endless "Dossiers Extra-ordinary" programme of 400 'true-to-life" diabolically ingenious, fiendish, hair-raising murders, past and present.

From page

have won over the Naxalite extremists who are today in the midst of severe introspection after a long spell of infantile adventurism. Will statesmanship come over the Left and push them on to the path of unity, at least towards united action ?

Surely, the people of India deserve a far better leadership than what the different political parties can provide them today.

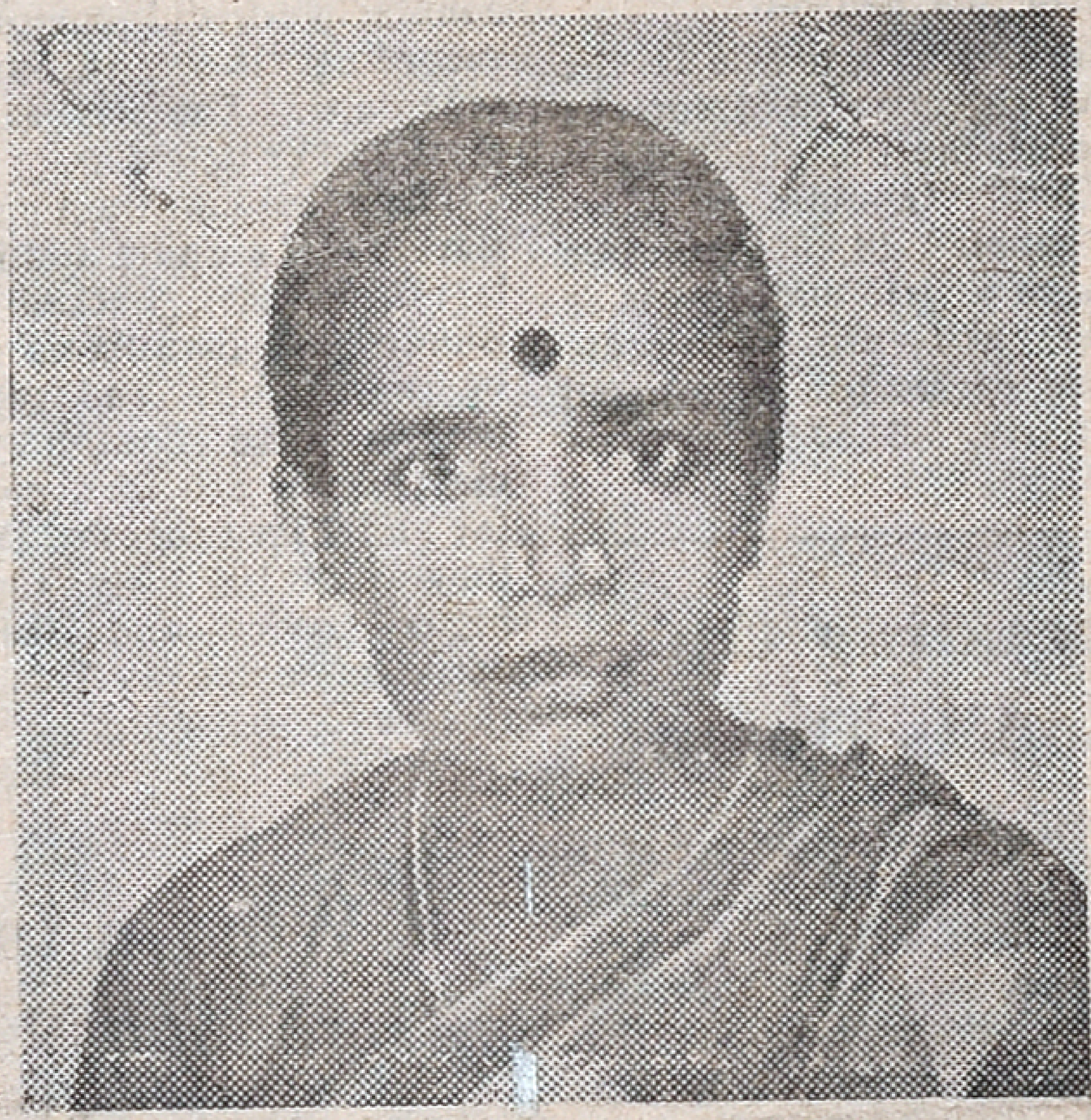
—N.C. in Mainstream

Widow Rehabilitated

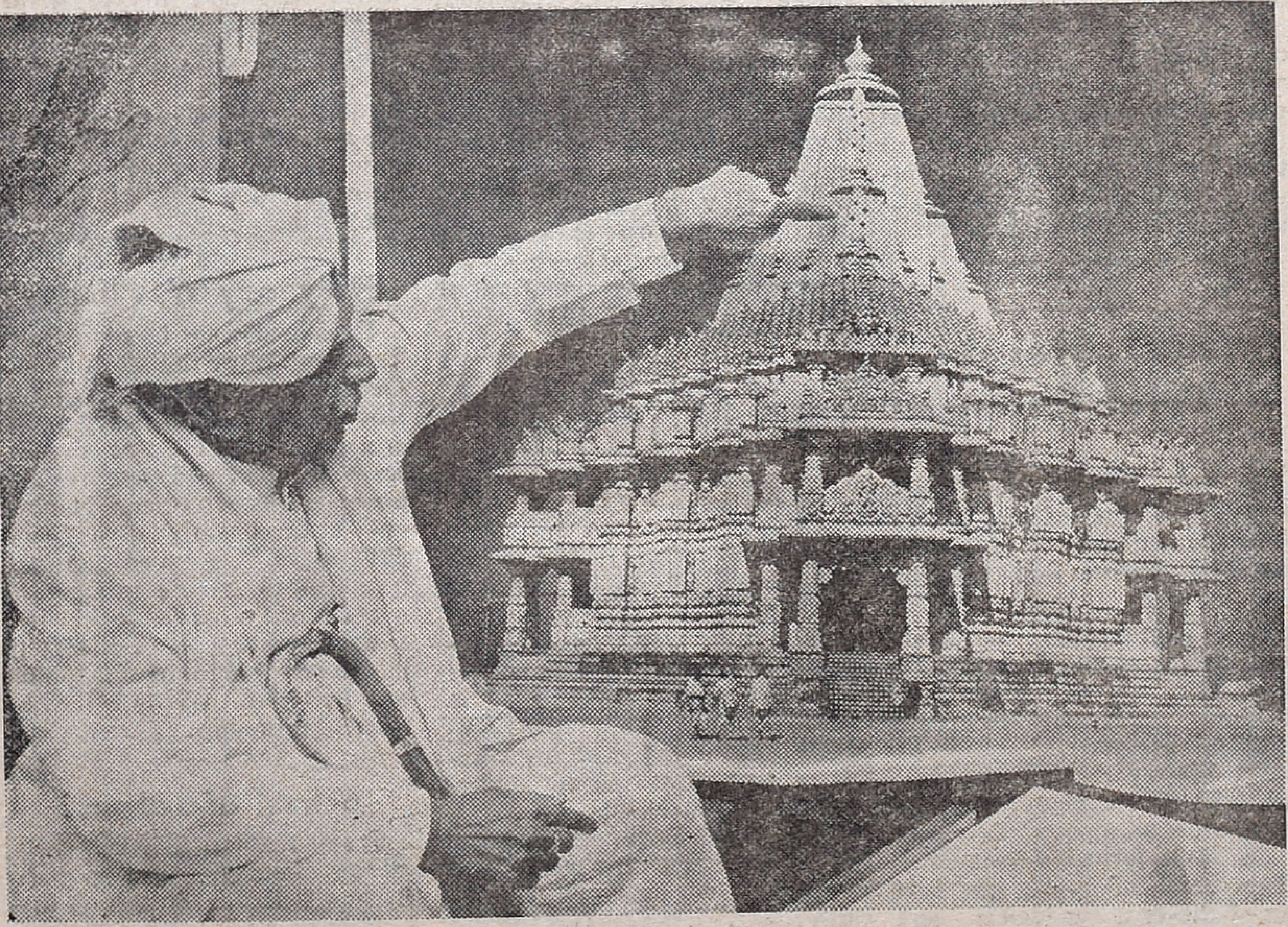
One day Mrs. Kalpana was informed that her husband, a salesman in a shop, got himself involved in an accident and lost his legs. She wept over it for a few days but she realised her responsibility of supporting her two school going sons and one daughter. Now the bread winner having lost his job she approached the Indian Overseas Bank and explained her difficulties. Her husband was granted Rs. 750/- loan to start a betel shop. But as ill luck would have it the ailing husband one day passed away. The widow Mrs. Kalpana once again approached the Bank and got Rs. 750/- and started selling stationery goods along with betel. She is repaying Rs. 60/- per month promptly. She is also able to sell goods for Rs. 60/- every day.

Allottees Of Bhoodan Lands Benefited

Dairying is the most successful subsidiary occupation of the people of Madurai, Ramanathapuram and Tirunelveli Districts. Bhoodan Board and Gandhi Samarak Nidhi identified about 300 beneficiaries/ allottees of Bhoodan lands or residing in the villages adopted by them. In order to supplement their income, Indian Overseas Bank has granted financial assistance to an extent of Rs. 4.12 lacs for purchase of milch cattle, through the Ayakudi, Madurai, Pattiveeranpatti, Karivalamvandanallur and Ilayangudi Branches. As a result of possessing milch animals the beneficiaries are able to have a gainful subsidiary occupation. The repayment of loan is also quite encouraging.



THIRUMATHI RASATHILAGAM
who was assisted by I. O. B.



MASTER CRAFTSMEN

Ten craftsmen have been selected from various parts of the country to receive the National Awards for master craftsmen. The awards were instituted by the All India Handicraft Board in 1965. These are given in recognition of the craftsman's excellence in craftsmanship and contribution to our handicrafts traditions. They also aim at providing an incentive to the craftsmen towards artistic profession.

Each winner will receive Rs 2,500 in cash, a Tamrapatra and an Angavastram. The artists represent Jammu and Kashmir, Uttar Pradesh, Delhi, Gujarat, Madhya Pradesh, Manipur, Mizoram and Rajasthan. In addition, ten craftsmen will receive merit certificates.

TEMPLE ARCHITECTURE (GUJARAT): Shri Prabhashankar Oghadbhai Sompura comes from a family of sculptors. The 81-year old sculptor has been responsible for the construction of 55 temples. These are located in Gujarat, Maharashtra, West Bengal, Andhra Pradesh, Kerala and Uttar Pradesh. His latest work is the construction of the Somath Temple in Gujarat based on the original temple now in ruins.

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